

PIG WOMAN FIRM IN HER GREAT HOUR

Perfect Stagecraft Of Simpson Keeps 'Star' in Spotlight

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hat be removed. Willie Stevens chuckled to himself and compared his watch with the balcony clock. Henry was immobile.

Outside an excited and morbidly curious crowd milled. They had been there for hours, some since before daylight.

Word that the "pig woman" at last was to be taken from her Jersey City Hospital cot, against the orders of her doctors, flashed to every nook and corner of the community.

Hundreds at Doors

The staid old courthouse became the gathering place for the entire population, as well as hundreds of strangers who had come in during the night, eager to look on while the state of New Jersey played its game of life and death with a woman as the pawn.

Two hours before the trial was to resume, all seats had been filled and the doors of the court room locked. Before ascending the bench, Justice Parker ordered Sheriff Tunnison to swear in every available man for special deputy sheriff service. The mob outside had increased to alarming proportions.

Angry voices mingled with the sweep of flashlights set off by news photographers perched in trees, roofs and every conceivable place. "Here she is!"

The cry, uttered by a woman with a squeaky voice, was picked up and echoed by hundreds as a covered truck came thundering down the street and drew up near the curb. There was a surge toward the vehicle and it was some time before police and deputy sheriffs could clear a passage.

Carried Into Court

Then a small metal bed was carried out by workmen and taken into the court house. As the doors were opened to admit it, there was another rush, but the barrier swung to and the crowd groaned in disappointment.

Inside the small room where Mrs. Hall and her brothers are fighting for life, the cot was set up alongside the jury box, the head to the audience. A white-gowned nurse fluttered about, preparing it for the arrival of the witness.

Senator Simpson came in and grinned with satisfaction at his own stagecraft. The defense counsel, several of them, walked over and felt the contrivance.

There was a flurry of excitement outside and in a few minutes Mrs. Salome Cerenner Eisleitner, aged mother of Mrs. Gibson, came in. She tottered unescorted to a seat that had been reserved for her near the front.

"A Bad Woman"

"She is a bad woman—a bad woman," the old lady said of her daughter. "I shall tell this court that she lies."

The crowd became impatient in the courtyard and a call was sent for more police. The report that the ambulance carrying the "pig woman" had passed Bound Brook, four miles distant, did not allay the excitement.

There was a shout, almost of triumph, a few minutes after 11 o'clock when a white ambulance, accompanied by two autos, hove in sight. As it approached the court, state troopers and deputy sheriffs formed into a solid phalanx and drove the curious before them.

Dr. Charles B. Snyder and a nurse jumped out as the ambulance came to a stop.

Their excitement unleased, the crowd pressed forward. An iron runway was placed between the curbing and the door and the ambulance backed up close to the entrance.

A policeman and several detectives reached in and drew out the stretcher. Men and women fought



MRS. SALOME C. EISLEITNER

for a chance to get a look at the woman who had suddenly come into such importance.

But Mrs. Gibson would have none of it.

Reaching down, she pulled the sheet up over her head just before she was lifted out, and all the curious could see was a white coverlet, which might have been the shroud of a dead person.

Once in the courtroom, her stage for a day, Mrs. Gibson was placed on the specially provided cot. Pillows were propped up behind her. Some of the spectators shrank at her thin and wasted expression.

Vacuum bottles filled with bath, hot water bags and other sick room supplies were carried in. Even a hospital chart was placed beneath one of the pillows. Senator Simpson was taking no chances with his star.

Mother Led Out

From her front row seat Mrs. Eisleitner gave an involuntary groan. She swayed in her chair as two officers rushed to her side. Then they led her from the room, mumbling incoherently. She is expected to attack her daughter's character for the defense.

In the meantime, the doctor and nurse were trying to make Mrs. Gibson as comfortable as possible. As she put her hands outside the sheet, a faded bathrobe could be seen. She dabbed at her face with a crumpled handkerchief.

Dr. Snyder and Miss Beatrice Lockwood, the nurse, took seats near the cot. The latter asked the "pig woman" if she cared for anything. Mrs. Gibson whispered and the nurse produced a bottle of ginger ale. The sick woman drank most of it.

"How do you feel now?" asked Miss Lockwood.

"All right, all right," gasped the patient. "I've got to be strong."

Willie in Giggles

A door opened in the rear and Mrs. Hall came in with her brothers. Willie giggled as he looked at the strange sight. His sister and Henry smiled.

The judge ascended the bench, Senator Simpson put aside the letters he had been reading. The spectators sat back anxiously. A juror coughed nervously. Even before the proceedings started, the effect of the prosecution's trump card was plainly felt.

And then, like the true ringmaster, Simpson arose calmly and asked that the witness be sworn. A clerk hurried to comply.

The State of New Jersey at last had launched its much heralded shock attack against the defendants.

Great Hour Come

For the "pig woman" the great occasion had arrived, the occasion for which she had waited since that fatal night of September 14, 1922.

Before most of the other patients were awake, Mrs. Gibson was being prepared for the thirty-mile journey. There was a hustle and bustle about the corridors on the second floor of the hospital, where her police-guarded room is located. Since she was "kidnaped" from Somerset County Hospital, ten days ago, the "pig woman" has been under constant surveillance of at least two and sometimes more uniformed men in the Jersey City institution.

Two orderlies entered the room bearing a stretcher. Mrs. Gibson was in high spirits, anxious to get to the court.

"I'm all right," she said. "I'm going to be strong. Don't anybody worry about me. I've got to talk. After that I don't care what happens."

The woman grasped the hands of one of the orderlies as she was being lifted on to the stretcher. In silence the little procession passed down the corridor and on to the ground floor, where she was placed in a white ambulance, which had been waiting.

Doctor Goes Along

Patrolman Jack Kenny was in the driver's seat. Senator Simpson was not on hand, but Kenny evidently had had his instructions in advance, for he seemed to know just what to do. He waited for a house physician and a nurse to climb in after Mrs. Gibson and then threw on the power. The am-



JOHN BEGGANS

bulance moved slowly out of the hospital yard. The hands on the big office clock pointed to 7.35 a. m.

Out on Baldwin Avenue two automobiles, filled with police officials and detectives, were waiting to escort the ambulance on its strange journey. Commissioner of

Public Safety John J. Beggans of Jersey City headed the party in one machine. Capt. Harry Walsh, one of Simpson's chief investigators, was among those in the second.

Speed Toward Court

The procession moved north along Baldwin Avenue, proceeding slowly until the main highway leading to this place was reached. Then the chauffeur "hit it up" a bit, being anxious to have his charge delivered before court opened.

Nobody at the hospital would discuss the removal of the "pig woman," but it was plain it had been done without the approval of the six physicians who have been attending her and who as late as yesterday decided she was not in a fit condition to withstand the ordeal.

However, the special prosecutor was insistent, and last night one of his deputies was rushed to the hospital. Mrs. Gibson was interviewed. She expressed an eagerness to testify, and this was put down in writing.

Added to it was a formal re-

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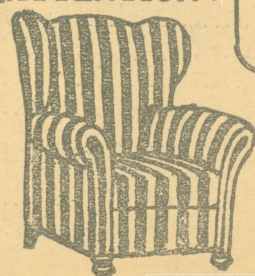
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